

This excerpt describes a typical day when I began my career in court reporting,

THE COURTHOUSE

(Excerpt)

“QCs in silk swished through swing doors into a cavernous jury room appointed in dark oak. In the same Supreme Court red as the carpet and leather chair seats, velvet café curtains hung from brass railings around the Judge’s bench and jury box.

As one of the court reporters, I prepared to be a fly on the wall at this trial, keeping a written record of the evidence. The rasp of metal startled me as an accused person in shackles and leg irons was led upward by the sheriff through the trap door hidden in the floor of the prisoner’s box, a method of transport from the basement cells to the courtroom that avoided public contact. The huge gallery filled with spectators, the jury filed in, the Judge arrived. We would now proceed.”

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